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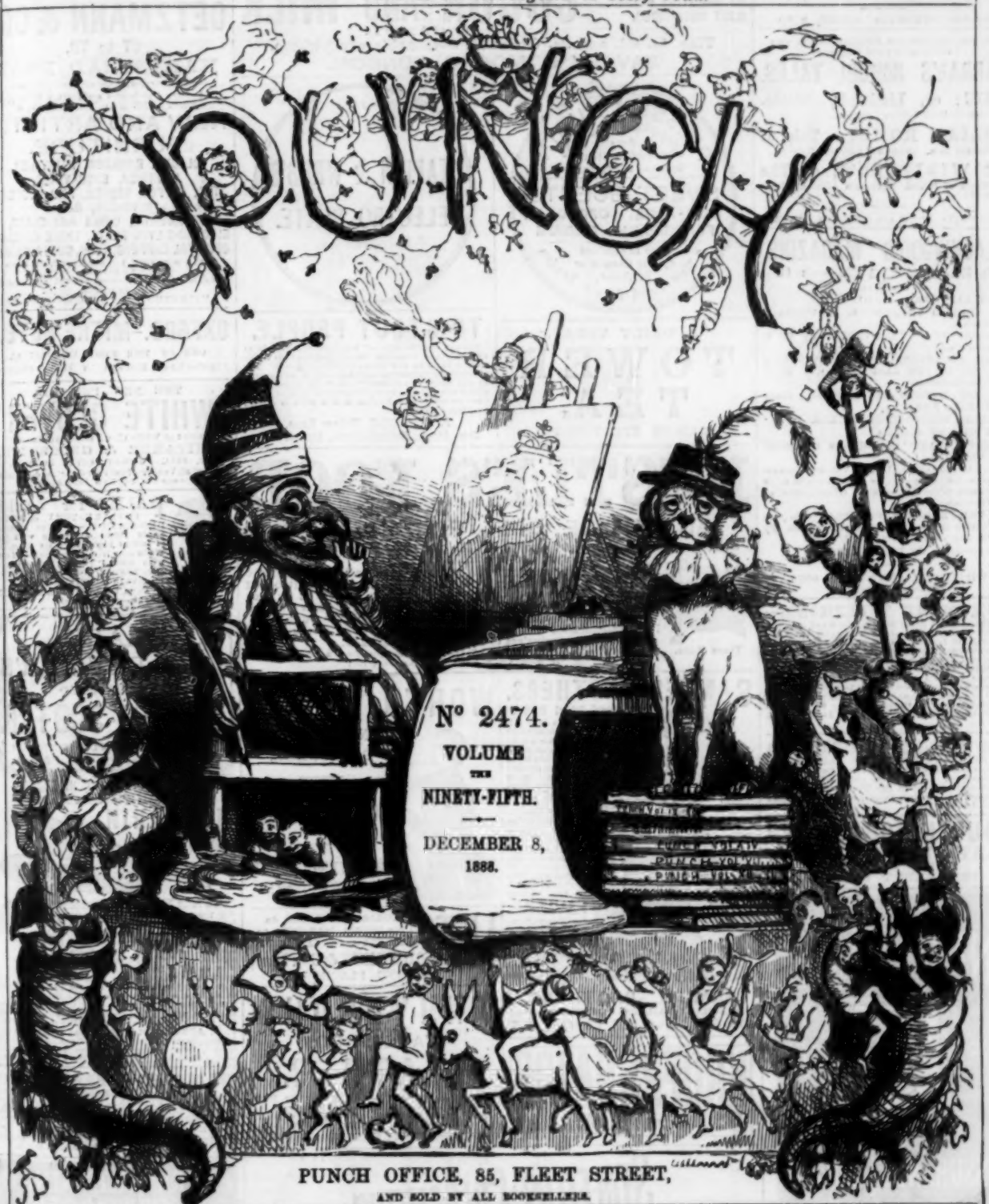

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LOST ILLUSION.

"WHAT, IS *EVERYBODY* WICKED, MAMMA DEAR?"—"YES, BERTIE." "ARE YOU WICKED YOURSELF, MAMMA, DEAR?"—"NOT SO GOOD AS I OUGHT TO BE!" "AND—*THE POLICE*??"

WHO CHASED COCK WARREN?

A Nursery Rhyme for the Times.

WHO chased COCK WARREN?
"I," said the Home Sparrow,
"With my views cramped and narrow,
I chased COCK WARREN!"

And who'll fill his place?
"Why, I," said MONRO.
"I'm the right man, I know,
And I'll fill his place."

And who'll tie your hands?
"Oh, I!" said Routine,
"That my business has been;
So, I'll tie his hands."

Yet, who'll see fair play?
"Well, I," said JOHN BULL;
"For I'm not quite a fool.
Come, I'll see fair play."

POLITICAL EYESIGHT.—A contemporary observes, with reference to the Noble Laureate, that:—

"Lord TENNYSON is not quite an octogenarian, although he is on the verge of it, having been born in 1809, the year in which Mr. GLADSTONE first saw the light."

With regard to Home Rule, however, the venerable ex-Premier will probably acknowledge that he did not see the light until somewhere about the year 1886.

MRS. KEELEY INTERVIEWED.

THE Babies were quite determined that the good fairy, Mrs. KEELEY, and the lazy Laureate, Mr. ASHBY-STERRY, should not have it *all* their own way, and when little folk become determined at the Hospital for Sick Children, in Great Ormond Street, their determination is something wonderful! The boys said they had no pretension to be poets, but, at any rate, they felt equal to writing an Address; the girls declared they never expected to be great Actresses, but they were quite sure on the present occasion, they knew how to act. They had heard how the good fairy, Mrs. KEELEY, had recited for them at the recent Festival—they had been told how eloquently she had pleaded for them, and how she had drawn tears from the eyes of her audience, and, what was more, golden sovereigns from their pockets. One or two of them had been charmed with the clear tones of her voice, and had listened to the marvellous alternation of humour and pathos in her speech, and had been almost frightened by the applause with which the good fairy was greeted. Several had seen her going round the wards, chatting pleasantly with the Nurses, and having a kindly word for each of the little invalids. They had all of them hoped Mrs. KEELEY would get the first prize at the Doll Show, for they, all of them, were quite sure she deserved it. She had done so much for their benefit, that they were anxious to do something for hers. And so they asked the kind Lady-Superintendent, Miss K. PHILLIPA HICKS, who was always so bright and merry—always so busy, but never so busy as to be unable to bestow a kind word on her little charges, and to give a willing ear to their smallest troubles. And she soon arranged the whole thing for them. She told them the good fairy would shortly attain the age of eighty-four, which is a mere trifle for a fairy, and on her birthday they should have the opportunity of showing her how she occupied so large a space in their grateful little hearts. The day came, they set off on their pilgrimage to Brompton. Not all of them. Oh, dear no! Supposing one hundred and forty-four had started? Why, the Police would have interfered, and the HOME SECRETARY would have been sore troubled, thinking there was a demonstration of Lilliputian Socialists. Besides many were too ill, some were sadly crippled, and others too young. So a Committee of Seven were selected, and these tiny mites, in charge of a kind Nurse, set forth on the appointed day, in a beautiful carriage, drawn by real horses, driven by a live coachman. In the middle of the carriage

was a lovely and gigantic bouquet, which everyone tried to hold, and which once or twice fell down and nearly smothered two or three of the deputation. But O it was a fine time! The Council of Seven say they never will forget it as long as they live. Suddenly, as if by magic, the carriage stopped, and they were in the presence of the good fairy in her elegant fairy bower. The deputation could not find words to express its pleasure. So it was fortunate they had an address already written, which was presented along with the bouquet. The address was a model of terseness which it would be well if provincial Mayors and others would endeavour to imitate. It ran thus:—"To Mrs. KEELEY. With every good wish on her Birthday—from her grateful little friends in the 'Hospital for Sick Children,' Great Ormond Street." Then followed the signatures, touching in their childish caligraphy, and the trembling innocence of tiny fingers. Cheered by the sight of their good kind fairy, made happy with the pleasant words which fell from her lips, delighted with the sight of her magnificent Persian cat, with an Arabian Nights tail, who purred the warmest of welcomes, the baby-interviewers retired. And when the lights burned low that night in Great Ormond Street, when there was nothing to be heard but the faint wail of some tiny sufferer, the almost noiseless footfall and the sweet-toned whisper of some gentle watchful Nurse, one cannot help wondering what sunny dreams, what pleasant fancies, what a sense of supreme repose and restful gratitude to the good fairy haunted the slumbers of the Council of Seven!

"MADGY."

(*À propos of quite a new and original lever du rideau, recently performed at Edinburgh.*)

MADGY KENDAL quite forgot her ordinary prudence
In coming out so strong before the Edinboro' Students;
And afterwards she told the world the cause of her oration;
'Twas not, as some might think of MADGE, all her imadgynation.
But 'twas as she in the *D. T.* explained the simple case,
"*Some one had thrown a paper ball, and hurt the Double Bass.*"
Whoever did this thing was wrong, for, were he boy or man,
'Tis evident he 'd made a hit before the play began.
Whether he hit the instrument or player in the face,
The silence of the thrower made his conduct doubly base.
She should not publicly have shown—it argues want of *nous*—
Displeasure at there being any "paper" in the House.

JEW DE MOT.—L'élite de la haute société Parisienne,—L'Isra-élite.

SONG FOR THE SCHOOL-BOARD MINSTRELS. (Who Never Perform Out of London.)

AIR—"*Keep in de Middle ob de Road.*"

WHEN de School-Board was young, friend FORSTER would say,
Keep in de middle ob de road!
Don't all try for corner-man,—that don't pay.
Keep in de middle of de road!

For you must be a dreffle fool,
If you quite forget de true purpose ob School.
But you 'll be all right if you stick to de rule,
Keep in de middle ob de road!

Chorus—Den, members, keep in de middle ob de road!
If you want to win de race,
You must go a mejium pace,
And keep in de middle ob de road!

Now, if you by chance seem short of cash,
Keep in de middle ob de road!
Don't tax de people heavily, or soon you 'll go to smash.
Keep in de middle ob de road!
But, if dey hear you a-singing too small,
Dey 're sure to say you are gwine to fall,
And do not know your business, and are no good at all.
Keep in de middle ob de road!

Chorus.

Don't be too fast at cramming, you 'll find that is no go,
Keep in de middle ob de road!
But little chance you 'll stand if you make the pace *too* slow.
Keep in de middle ob de road!
London will not care for a Board dat 's all awry;
Den show you are tolerant, as well as smart and spry.
She 'll chuck you, if to imitate the bad Old Ring you try.
Keep in de middle ob de road!

Chorus.

You corner-men, don't kick up too much shindy left and right,
Keep in de middle ob de road!
And, Mr. (DIGGLE) JOHNSON, do not hold de reins too tight,
Keep in de middle ob de road!
Or de trap may capsize, and de wheels be in de air.
Don't show sectarian temper, or tear agnostic hair,
For you are *not* put dere ober trifles for to swear.
Keep in de middle ob de road!

Chorus.

Den, Minstrels, keep in de middle ob de road!
You will bless de rising race
If you go a steady pace,
And keep in de middle ob de road!

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(*Before Lord Commissioner Punch.*)

An Efficient Volunteer *introduced.*

Commissioner. Well, Sir, what can I do for you?

Efficient Volunteer (*saluting*). Assist me to get a satisfactory substitute for Wimbledon.

Com. Surely you are in good hands. I read in the papers this week there is to be a meeting of representatives of the National Rifle Association to consider what is best to be done.

Eff. Vol. Not the first by many, my Lord. Meetings are always being held with the same object in view.

Com. Do you suggest that these meetings are useless?

Eff. Vol. Certainly, as two parties are pulling one against the other.

Com. How comes it there should be such an unfortunate situation?

Eff. Vol. I suppose, my Lord, because one party thinks more of soldiering than five-o'clock tea and picnic.

Com. Would you suggest that Wimbledon was used for either purpose?

Eff. Vol. I would. The Cottage was the *rendezvous* of the *crême de la crême* of Society—very good people in their way, but not likely to produce a Queen's Medallist.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Margaret. "PRAY SIT DOWN. I 'M *SO* SORRY MAMMA AND MY SISTERS ARE OUT!"
Shy Curate (*who has called on Parish business*). "OH, *PRAY* DON'T MENTION IT. *ONE* OF THE FAMILY IS *QUITE* ENOUGH!"

Com. And you think consideration for these distinguished persons keeps the question of a new site an open one?

Eff. Vol. I do. The people who used to come to Wimbledon to lounge on the lawn and eat ices are not likely to be satisfied if the new Shooting-ground is situated beyond striking distance of town. No doubt some of them might come to us on the tops of coaches, but only at considerable inconvenience.

Com. Then what would you suggest?

Eff. Vol. That the Volunteers, and the Volunteers only, should be considered, and Lady DE VERE and Lord MANIKIN should be told that their place is preferable to their company. What we want is a place where business, and business only, must have a call upon our attention.

Com. How would Aldershot do?

Eff. Vol. Admirably; and here (*producing a list*) is a paper containing a number of equally excellent sites. What we want is to have the matter settled at once, without further shillyshallying.

Com. I will see that your reasonable request meets with immediate compliance.

[*The Witness thanked his Lordship, and retired.*

A CLEAR STAGE AND NO FAVOUR.

LAST Friday Mr. BANDMANN appeared before Mr. Justice STIRLING in the Chancery Division, and undertook to continue his previous undertaking not to perform *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in the United Kingdom. If this example is followed, of what varied enjoyments the theatre-going public might be deprived, as for example,—

Mr. IRVING appeared before the Last of the Barons, and undertook not to make a speech about the Drama in any part of the United Kingdom.

Mrs. KENDAL undertook not to come before the Curtain and address the audience in any part of Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. TOOLE appeared before the Lord Chief Justice, (who had never heard of the eminent Comedian, and asked who he was), and undertook not to tell JOSEPH HATTON any more stories, and never again to play in *Ici on Parle Français.*

Mr. W. F. HAWTREY promised never to appear again as a King in a classical burlesque.

Mr. TERRISS undertook not to perform the character of a genuine British Sailor, in London or the Provinces, after the termination of his present engagement.

Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON submitted to a perpetual injunction preventing him from ever playing in blank verse.

Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE undertook not to perform in Comic Opera within the United Kingdom.

Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE has undertaken to cease from appearing in *Matinées* within the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT appeared before everybody, and took a solemn pledge not to play again in any part of the United Kingdom.

OLD STYLE MODERNISED.—The Exchange Club, as a name, sounds well. Motto over the umbrella stand, "Exchange—no Robbery!" Members will be bound to exchange salutations and compliments every day. If the grill is to be a feature, the name "Exchange Club" is apparently only a new form of the old "Chop-House."

A LIFE-BOAT STORY.—In Three Acts.

A dozen of hearts! and a dozen of hands! and the courage of death!—'tis a Yorkshire boast;
It was all they asked, one November noon, when a hurricane blew on the Whitby coast!

For a cry came over the wailing sands, and spread to the village, and swept through the street—
There 'll be widows to-morrow and fatherless bairns, for exposed to the storm is the fishermen's fleet!
There was not a minute to dream or to think: it was "Who's for the Life-boat?" and "Who's for the shore?"
Just a kissing of lips of the lasses they loved—just a sigh, and a cheer, and a grasp of the oar—
For the men out at sea were exposed to the storm; but they were not forgotten by "pals" on the land.
Whilst there 's life there is hope—whilst there 's strength there's a rope—the heart of a friend and the grasp of a hand.
Just picture the scene, O my brothers in town, with your petty annoyance and impotent strife;
In the midst of our city it's Worship of Self! on the fishermen's coast it is Rescue! and Life!

Who 's for the Life-boat? Strain your eyes, and deaden your ears from the shrieking wind;
The Answer 's there! on the crested waves, in the hearts of the women they 've left behind;
See! the cobbles are riding in dire distress! Will they reach the fleet? You may lay your life
There isn't a Yorkshire lad at the oar, who will bring discredit to mother or wife;
For nobody knows who 's at sea or on shore—just a wild supplication that nobody dies,
When a blinding sleet sweeps the sea and the sand, and darkens the scene from the wondering eyes.
Then a silence falls on the women who wait, and a cry rings out as they bend the knee—
For they drag two bodies half-drowned to land,—and the rest?—they are left in the raging sea!
Lost! when the moment of rescue came, lost! within sound of their loved and land.
So the night closed black on the Yorkshire coast, and a wail went over the lonely sand!

But the morning breaks, and the storm is past; and over the village, and into the street
The sun is shedding its wintry rays, on the scene where they fought for the fishermen's fleet;
And the sea is calm, and the sand is still, where they manned the boat and they went to death.
What 's that?—out there in the Steamer's wake! Here, give us your glass! Then they held their breath,
And a beam of light shot out of the sky, and a cheer roared out of the Yorkshire throats
As they saw their Life-boat making Home with the rescued crews from the fishermen's boats!
"Never say die!" is the motto of men who fight to conquer and mean to win;
But it 's well worth living to earn the tears that wept them out and that cheered them in!
So the tale is told! But there 's something more, that can never be done by praise or pen,—
We must think of the sea when the tempests roar; and give of our gold to the Life-boat Men!

*** The National Life-Boat Institution is to be found in John Street, Adelphi.

WALL-PAPER MONEY.

Not a bad idea, that of taxing certain kinds of mural posters, which was lately started in the House of Commons. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was advised to turn his attention to pictorial mural atrocities—not being pictures by Murillo—and so find a possible substitute for the Weal and 'Am Tax (since deceased). The name "Posters," it was observed, naturally suggested the idea of a *Stamp* being attached to them. George Jokim didn't see the exact force of the suggestion at first; required posting up in the details before approving; but admitted there might be something in it.

Here is a sort of Poster (not Postal) Tariff, which ought to find a place in any new edition of the old Stamp Act:—

For any Pictorial Advertisement of extra large size—a sort of four-poster — exhibited on any wall, hoarding, scaffolding, or other public place £5 0 0

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OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

For size, show, type, interesting matter, and admirable illustrations, I haven't seen a better book this booky season than Macmillan's *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways*, charmingly illustrated by Herbert Railton and Hugh Thomson. The letter-press by Outram Tristram is not up to the excellence of the pictures. Nothing racy, nothing *Shandy*-an about this Tristram. Pretty Christmas picture-card to send to a bachelor is that of the "Prize Babies." It can be purchased at Ackerman's. But of all the pictures that take my fancy as appropriate to the coming Christmas time is Raphael Tuck's wonderful reproduction of Raphael's (without the Tuck) "*The Madonna Sixtina*" in a frame closely copied from the one in which is the original at Dresden. An instance of the wonderful perfection attained by the chromo-lithographic process in reproducing a Master's work may be seen in the large chromo-lithograph of Sir John Millais' *Bubbles*, originally brought out by the *Illustrated London News*, and purchased as a decorative advertisement by the indefatigable Messrs. Pears—"sure such a Pears was never seen!"—which is now on view in the window of The Soaperies, New Oxford Street. This work of Young Chromo might deceive even Sir John himself. Now back to books again. I tried hard to fall in love with Lady Lindsay's *Caroline*, but couldn't manage it. I had to get out my skipping-rope, and then I went on by "leaps and bounds" to the finish. Perhaps if I were all alone on a wet day in a Scotch Inn, with only an out-of-date Guide-book, an ancient *Bradshaw*, and last week's local paper, I might find *Caroline* companionable.

My faithful "Co." utters a protest against *A Crown of Shame*, which, he says, is not very pleasant reading. Written by the daughter of Captain Marryat, it lacks the breezy wholesomeness of the works of the author of *Midshipman Easy*. The scene is laid in the tropics or thereabouts, and the sickly atmosphere of feeble vice is rather overpowering. He has also read a very clever pamphlet called the *Dawn of the Nineteenth Century*, which conjures up a vision of the British Empire on the 1st of January, 1901, that must satisfy every one. In this glorious prospect the great Colonial question is solved, and Ireland, without the assistance of a House of Commons sitting in Dublin, is tranquil. "Co." insists upon expressing his high appreciation of the *Happy Thoughts Birthday Book*, compiled by a young lady whose surname is very familiar to him. "Co." has found the quotations most apposite to the anniversaries of his friends and relations. He says that the lines selected for ladies' birthdays are (as they should be) invariably complimentary, so that he has had the satisfaction of soliciting the autographs of two Maiden Aunts (from whom he has expectations), without running the risk of forfeiting their favour. He adds that it is quite the book for a Christmas present—a present, he humorously continues, which will also record the past.

The Baron de Book-Worms & Co.

P.S.—Just seen latest number of *Our Celebrities*. Sir Arthur Sullivan's portrait is, as it ought to be, A. 1, for A. 1, or Arthur the First he is as a Composer and as a humorist in music. He is sandwiched between His Grace of Canterbury and the eminent surgeon-artist and *littérateur*, Sir Henry Thompson. Very appropriate the proximity of the latter to the Composer, as if Sir Arthur is ever hard up for a few notes, Sir Henry can give him one of his delightful "octaves."

B. de B.-W.

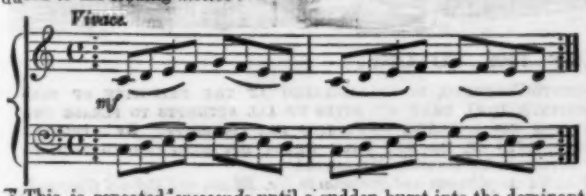
To Correspondents.—"When I made that note last week about the Gentleman who has devised a new treatment for 'roaring' horses, I did not mean anyone in particular.

(*Signed*) "Roary-up-the-Hills."

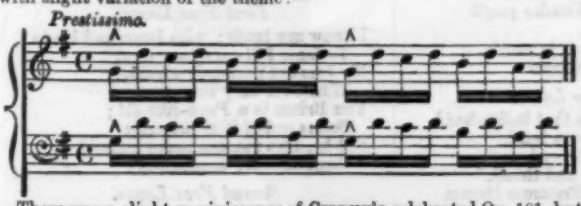
OUR SPECIAL MUSICAL CRITIC (P).

The great event of the week has, of course, been the production of Dr. Steeling's much talked of Cantata, "*The Old Home Farm*," at the Northborough Festival. It was a happy idea on the part of Dr. Steeling to secure the combined choirs of Northumberland and Cumberland, but considering that the gifted Doctor has always conducted Northumberland, it was rather surprising that Cumberland led. The general arrangements were not altogether satisfactory. In the first place, the New Town Hall, like most public buildings, has been erected with a total disregard to acoustic properties; the combined chorus was indistinct; the town band entirely drowned the *soli*; and I was not supplied with a programme, nor could one be got for love or money. I am, therefore, somewhat hampered in giving my analysis of the work, especially as I am unacquainted with the poem of "*The Old Home Farm;*" in fact, I never heard of it. Fortunately, I was seated next to a kind old gentleman who was well up in the subject, and said he had heard all the music before. The short overture, or rather prelude, to the Cantata was very effective. Avoiding the conventional crash "*tutti*," or the double *piano legato* strings, Dr. Steeling opens with the first and second horns thus:—

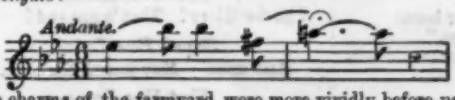
At intervals this is repeated very effectively. We are then introduced to the leading *motivo*:—



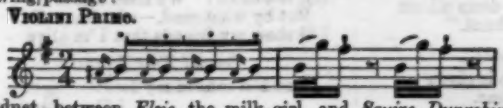
This is repeated *crescendo* until a sudden burst into the dominant with slight variation of the theme:—



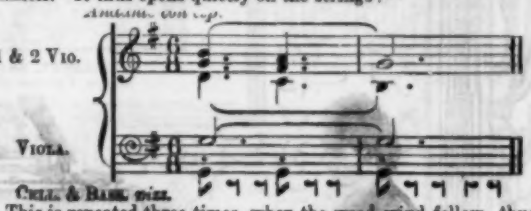
There was a slight reminiscence of Czerny's celebrated Op. 101, but the orchestral treatment was quite different. The opening chorus which my next-door neighbour informed me was entitled, "*Hail, Melancholy Chanticleer*," was simply remarkable for the occasional Oboë *obbligato*:—



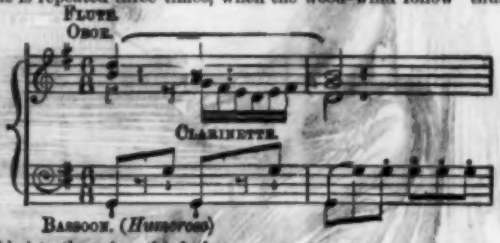
But the charms of the farmyard were more vividly before us in the following passage:—



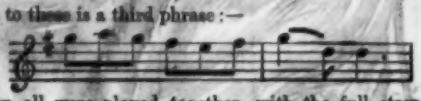
A duet, between *Elsie*, the milk-girl, and *Squire Dunrobin*, in which, as far as I could tell, he was questioning her as to where she was proceeding, and the amount of her fortune before offering her marriage, was one of the most original compositions in the work, and Dr. Steeling is much to be complimented. The great *tour de force*, however, was the grand chase by the farmer's dame after three small animals that had intruded themselves, without invitation, upon the premises. The fact that the animals were totally deprived of vision rendered the situation more poetic, and accordingly more dramatic. In these *soli* and chorus the Doctor has surpassed himself. It thus opens quietly on the strings:—



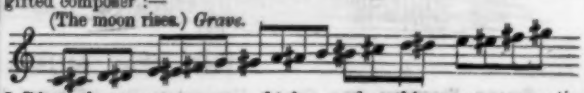
This is repeated three times, when the wood-wind follow thus:—



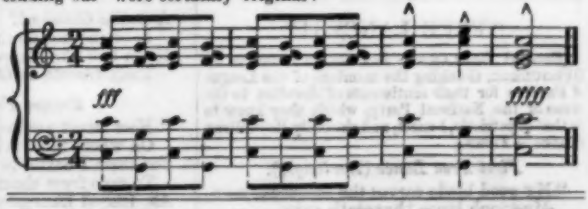
Added to these is a third phrase:—



And when all were played together, with the full strength of the orchestra, the audience rose *en masse*, and, after expressing their opinion, sat down again. The *finale* was also effective. There were to be (so I understood) festivities by moonlight. The theme, suggesting the rising of the moon, was quite characteristic of the gifted composer:—



In fact, the moon rose even higher, and nothing more suggestive of the rise of the moon has been heard since the song of *The Bedlamite* (with counter subject on the volovong and shoe-horn) in Dr. Straws's *Water Cantata*, first performed at the Hanwell Festival. I thought the grand festival dance at the end slightly suggested an old tune—but I may be wrong; however the concluding bar were certainly original:—



The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.—In these dull December days we should be grateful to Sir John Gilbert and the clever Ladies and Gentlemen who give us glimpses of sunshine, of breezy country, of sea and forest, of foreign countries, and London streets, in their best aspect. All these you can enjoy without the expense of travel, or the inconvenience of wet weather. Just drop in at the pleasant Gallery in Pall-Mall, and you will be able to personally conduct yourself—you must conduct yourself, or you will be reprimanded by the Secretary—to all sorts of delightful places, for one shilling. The Gallery is just the right size to prevent weariness. You will go away refreshed—though you are not admitted by refreshment-ticket—instead of suffering from that most terrible of maladies, the "exhibition headache."

"Maxima debetur pueris."

THE REAL MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

Signor Foghorni, the Great Hibernian Basso-Tenore Robusto-Profondo, is so disgusted at the frivolity of contemporary musical taste (which is not ripe enough to appreciate him), that he gives up all attempts to please the present generation: he buys a *Phonograph* instead, and devotes his energies to *Singing for Posterity*. By applying his ear to this marvellous instrument immediately after singing into it, he not only hears his song echoed back to him out of the dim future, but he also hears the rapturous applause of Unborn Millions!

[*With Mr. Punch's compliments and apologies to Mr. Edison and Colonel Gouraud.*

"FREE LANCES!"

[General Boulanger has sent a letter to M. Déroulède, thanking the members of the League of Patriots for their sentiments of devotion to the cause of the National Party, which they know to be that of patriotic, honest, and sincerely Republican France.—*Times.*]

First Free Lance (Boulanger).

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."
Ahem! No Tennysonian knight
Am I; yet 'twere not bad,
With matters in their present plight,
To pose as *Galahad*.

Second Free Lance (Grandolph).

Faith, how the swaggering Frenchman flaunts
His "stainless banner!" Bosh!
He 'll find, for all his valorous vaunts,
That little game won't wash.
Fancy they hint the same of *me*,
The dolts whose shields I strike;
But anyhow my lance is free
To couch 'gainst whom I like.

First Free Lance.

Pst! Caracole, my coal-black steed!
The populace love prance,
To nodding plumes they give good heed;
At least 'tis so in France.
A Gallic *Galahad!* Yonder youth
Is of another strain,
Much less like *Lancelot*, in sooth,
Than *Gareth* or *Gawaine*.

Second Free Lance.

"How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle to the end
To save from shame and thrall."
Ah, limpid Laureate, Primrose Dames
Rain favours upon me;
But as to championing their claims
à outrance!—we shall see!

First Free Lance.

"When on my goodly charger borne
Through cheering towns I go,"
Blowitz my bounce and *blague* may scorn,
But *is* he "in the know?"
Condottieri sometimes come
Like Sforza, to the front.
Yon springald whom some deem a hum
May still prove "in the hunt."

Second Free Lance.

"A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear.
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here."
Humph! In or out I shall not blench,
But later I *may* find
The "heaven" of the Treasury Bench
A little to my mind.

First Free Lance.

I know my trade; with lance and blade
To fame I 'll carve my way,
My foes are parlously afraid,
Whatever they may *say*.
Yon Briton is a *Puck*-like elf;
Seems out of it at present;
But he, like me, can make himself
Confoundedly unpleasant!

Second Free Lance.

Ho, there! Where go you, good my friend?
You fight—beneath whose flag?

First Free Lance.

I go for Glory! That's *my* end!

Second Free Lance.

And mine May sound like brag.

First Free Lance.

Oh, not at all! We shall arrive!
But by what road,—who knows?
I 'll show my friends that I 'm alive

Second Free Lance.

And I 'll inform my foes!

[*Exeunt severally.*

End of Anarchy!

Order Everywhere—*Mr. Punch's Almanack for* 1889.

"FREE LANCES!"

First Free Lance (Boulanger). "AHA!—I GO TO DISTINGUISH MY-SELF!!" Second Free Lance (Grandolph). "AHEM!—SO DO I!!" [*Exeunt severally.*

VERY SIMPLE.

"IS THERE ANY WAY ACROSS THIS?"—"DO'NAW." "ISN'T THERE A BRIDGE ANYWHERE?"—"DO'NAW." "DOESN'T YOUR FATHER GO THIS WAY? HOW DOES HE GET ACROSS?"—"GENER'Y JOOMPS IT!"

A CITY IDYL.

"THERE's a corner in pork, and a starling
Is building her nest in the corner;
And it's oh, (it is always oh) my darling,
There is hope in the heart of your City JACK HORNER,
Who sits in the corner to pull out a plum
Then hey, for the bonny bright day that will come
For you and for me, my darling.

"Money was hard and your father was hard—
Yarely is piping the starling—
And we were depress'd as coffee or lard
But firm as copper, my darling.

"And your mother was brisk as inquiries for wheat—
Cotton is weak in the glooming—
For she thought that love's call we should fail to meet,
But like shard-borne beetles at twilight sweet
The Jan Van Beers went booming.

"And bacon closed with a steady tone,
Like choristers clearly quiring,
And hogs were ten points up, my own,
Like the solemn pine on the mountain lone,
Or pinnacles, cloud-aspiring.

"And closing prices, and stocks and shares
Are fair with a future pleasure,
As I wander, a victim to shocks and stares,
In my mooning hours of leisure,

"For tin is as quiet as eventide,
And ribs like the sun declining;
But rails rule firm as my winsome bride,
And love looks up like mining.

"And it's oh, my love, my love,
And it's oh, my dear, my dear,
I've done good work with the corner in pork,
And better with Jan Van Beer."

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the bulls and bears
While the still morn went out in shirtings grey;
He touch'd the tender stops of booms and scares,
With eager thought warbling his Mincing Lay.
He thought without alarm of settling day,
Nor jumped with panic fear when prices fell
Crashing, but every eve he took his way
To Tooting, all his tale of love to tell
While the stars rose, and wild swans left their haunts,
Stags sought the pools, and the grand elephants
Waved their Grand Trunks aloft, and all was well.

POOH-BAH-RINGTON HALL, ST. JAMES'S.

HAD *Brantingham Hall* been written by anybody else but Mr. W. S. GILBERT, how he, the author of *Engaged* and *Ruddigore*, would have chaffed it! How amateurish he would have considered the monotony of the stage-management, and how unmercifully he would have ridiculed the familiar melodramatic characters, with their old-fashioned melodramatic staginess of action and dialogue. "I would be alone!" exclaims the broken-hearted old nobleman. "Let me pass!" exclaims the heroine, addressing the villain, who is not opposing her progress, and, if he were, she has the door open immediately behind her by which she has just entered. The villain mutters curses as he gloomily seats himself at a table. There is the good old family solicitor, the lost heir turning up again, the mortgage to be foreclosed by the villain, who, of course, is ready to sell everybody up, if the persecuted heroine will not be his bride. There are a girl and boy, whose fun would be in keeping with the topsy-turvy eccentricities of a Savoy comic opera, but who are absurdly unnatural in the real life which the comedy is supposed to represent. Miss NEILSON is young and pretty. As yet she cannot act, and the sooner she unlearns what she has evidently been taught to consider acting the better for her future histrionic career. MR. BARRINGTON is Mr. BARRINGTON with a palpably sham scalp. Poor Pooh-Bah-rington! how he must regret having quitted the gay Savoyards! At the finish of the play Miss NEILSON has to murmur, "Let us pray," or only the word "pray," apparently addressed to the audience, who, not having come to laugh, were unwilling to remain to pray, especially as at that moment the curtain was descending, and the piece was past praying for.

A Most Happy Thought.

AN admirable suggestion has been offered to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, namely, the proposal of "substituting for the Wheel-Tax a stamp duty on bills, posters, placards, and other mural advertisements." A very high amount of duty might be charged on those eyesores and nuisances without abating them, but in order to render it an alternative for the Wheel-Tax, the stamp must not be so heavy as to stamp them out.

ECCLESIASTICAL CÆSARISM.—*Julius* v. *the Bishop of Oxford.*

THE PARTY OF BOULANGER.—Loafers.

AN OPEN SECRET.

Mendicant. "PITY 'POOR BL——" *Gent.* "NO; I—AH—NEVAR——"
Mendicant (forgetting himself). "UGH! 'CAUSE YER 'VE GOT A SHINEY 'AT, AN' A HEYE-GLASS, AN' A 'REACH-ME-DOWN' HULSTER, AN' A NOBBY STICK, YER THINKS YERSELF SOMEBODY!"

HOW TO SCORE AT FOOTBALL.

CONSIDERING the importation of sheer ruffianism into the Football Field of late, it is quite clear that the method of scoring the points in that game should be modified to meet this new state of things. "Goals" and "Tries," indeed! Why count such merely adventitious trifles? It is high time to recognise the fact that the aim of the players is (apart from the all-important question of gate-money), not so much to win the game as to pound and pummel, mutilate and maim, and, if necessary, kill each other. Let, therefore, the rules be adjusted to the facts. Then we shall be candidly informed, that in a match between—say, the Mudford Mutilators and the Thumpington Thugs, the former team, (or, what is the same thing, gang of roughs) won the game by two deaths, three broken collar-bones, and four injured spines, as against one death, seven smashed ribs, and fourteen minor maimings scored by the latter. This literal and honest way of scoring the game will frankly enlighten the public as to its real nature, and doubtless induce all who are not trained brutes and natural bullies to keep out of that scene of ignoble rowdyism known as the Football Field.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

(*New Society Version.*)

"There is almost a craze for green in the world of fashion."—*Daily News on "Evening Dress."*

Belle of the Ball sings:—

OH, some may bless the Emerald Isle,
Some count her as our foe,
For me, whilst Summer skies did smile,
Now Winter winds do blow,—
Whether in sunshine or in wet,
(Though loyal to my Queen,)
I kept and keep, without regret,
The Wearing of the Green.

Sweet tint! I love you passing well
With lilac at my breast,
Laburnum in my skirts' broad swell,
I look quite at my best.
I overheard Lord RONALD say
That I'm the Emerald Queen.
May failure banish not away
The Wearing of the Green!

Nay, MARIE, why that bitter sneer?
Home Ruler? Fiddle-de-dee!
I'm anti-Irish quite, my dear,
Like all Society.
I dote upon our brave BALFOUR,
PARNELL inspires my spleen;
But all the same I do adore
The Wearing of the Green!

Oh, I care not for the Thistle.
And I care not for the Rose;
But when the North winds whistle,
Or when June noonday glows,
Reds, blues, and pinks go friendless,
No gaudy tints are seen;
But I love with love that's endless
The Wearing of the Green!

O sea-green silk; O sea-weed stuff!
O verdant tintings all!
Ye suit my beauty well enough
At dinner, rout, or ball.
How long the fashion yet may live
Remaineth to be seen;
But while it lasts my heart I'll give
To the Wearing of the Green!

A MODEL MAN OF BUSINESS.—The HOLLINGSHEAD Testimonial List is open up to the end of the week. Apply to W. H. GRIFFITHS, Hon. Secretary, Shaftesbury Theatre. There never was a straighter and more trustworthy Manager of a Theatre than Practical JOHN at the Gaiety. His "No" meant "No," and his "Yes" meant "Yes." So no one could mistake his "Ayes" for his "Noes"; consequently there were no written agreements and no disagreements. Will he write his Reminiscences of the Gaiety as a new edition of the Chronicles of HOLLINGSHEAD (JOHN)?

YANKEE DOODLE.

(*New Society Version.*)

YANKEE DOODLE comes to town,
Possessed of many a "pony";
Bringing his lovely daughter with
A view to Ma-tri-mo-ny.
Yankee doodle-doodle-doo!
The dollars come in handy,
Even to Dooks who have too few,
But know the *Ars Amandi.*

Yankee Doodle rails at rank,
That is for home consumption;
But at swell relatives the Yank
Don't kick,—he's too much gumption.
Yankee doodle-doodle-doo!
Love is sweet as candy, [blue
His daughters "reckon" blood that's
Scarce spoils the British dandy.

House of Commons, Monday Night, November 26.—"TOBY, M.P., Sir," said JEREMIAH SULLIVAN, of the Irish Constabulary; "in my time I've made a good many arrests, but never before did I arrest the attention of the House of Commons; and bedad! if I can help it, I won't do it again."

A decent-looking man, JEREMIAH; a fine specimen of Irish Constabulary, but just now in rather limp condition.

"JEREMIAH," I said, "these Lamentations are natural enough on your part. You've got into a mess; but cheer up; BALFOUR will never desert you. In the meantime let this be a lesson to you. Beware of females; run not after them. She is bad, but SHEEHY you find is a syllable worse."

JEREMIAH a little puzzled with this simple impressive harangue; upset altogether with proceedings of evening. Told me all about it. Had summons handed to him to serve upon Member for South Galway. "Where 'll I find him?" said SULLIVAN. "House of Commons only known address in London," says Superintendent. So JEREMIAH took train for London, and 'bus to Westminster. Found way into Octagon Hall; admired statues of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and very big man with colossal legs and stupendous marble coat-flaps labelled, "IDDESLEIGH"; found two rows of people waiting at end of corridor leading to Commons.

"Is this the House of Commons?" says JEREMIAH, vainly looking for door-plate.

"It is," said a Polite Policeman.

"Well, I've called upon Mr. SHEEHY," say JEREMIAH. "Is there a knocker to the House-door, or d'ye ring a bell?"

"No," says the Policeman. "You send in your cyard."

JEREMIAH produced "cyard" with a flourish; handed it to Policeman between tips of thumb and finger, as he had seen the gentry do on the stage.

"Maybe," says JEREMIAH to himself, "if the master's not at home, they 'll ask me into the kitchen, and give me a drop of something."

Waited quarter of an hour; then SHEEHY discovered sauntering down corridor.

"Who wants Mr. SHEEHY?" Polite Policeman bawled.

"Troth an' I do," said JEREMIAH.

"Then step inside," said the P.P.

JEREMIAH advanced. SHEEHY, thinking it was a constituent, warmly shook hands with him. JEREMIAH much touched at this friendliness; SHEEHY evidently going to make things pleasant; so JEREMIAH whispered in his ear,—

"I've got a little summons for you, Sorr. Would you step outside, and accept service?"

"What!" roared SHEEHY, and bolted into House.

"And wid that," said JEREMIAH, mopping his moist forehead, "I heard nothing more till I was taken before a lot o' gintlemen in a small room with nothing to drink and accused of undermining the British Constitution. It was a sore day when I left Limerick, and when I get back, begorrah, I'll go no more a visiting the gentry."

Sending in his Cyard.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill in Committee. Very dull. SHEEHY suddenly bolts in; breathlessly declares he has had summons served on him in precincts of the House; uproar; confusion; Select Committee appointed to consider affair; Sitting suspended till Ten o'Clock; then Committee on Land Purchase Bill resumed. Continued at it till early morning, with pretty appearance of nothing particular having happened in meanwhile.

Tuesday.—DONALD CURRIE wants to know what's this about STUART-RENDELL and the G. O. M.? S. R. has placed his house at his disposal during stay in London; now making holiday arrangements for him in the winter; keeping open house at Naples with a back garden and property trees to cut down before breakfast.

"A gross infringement of my patent," says CURRIE. "I invented that at least four years ago. Who took him out touring round the coast in the *Grantully Castle*? Who gave him a cheap trip all round the Island? Who fetched his medicine, and who warmed his gruel? Who smoothed his pillow and looked after him generally?"

"Why you did," I said, entering warmly into his enthusiasm. "And when he got well he made you a Baronet. Now you've joined the other gentlemen of England, and try to thwart his policy."

"Just so; but that sort of thing ought to be protected by law, like any other invention. I don't mind being imitated. Have often heard OLD MORALITY say that the sincerest imitation is flattery. But let due acknowledgment be made. Let STUART RENDELL unto CURRIE the things that are DONALD'S." And the old gentleman, thrusting his hands into trousers' pockets, angrily strode off. Glad he went away just then. So angry that his conversation was getting a little mixed, and he was beginning to look at me as if *I* had been infringing his patent.

He strode away in anger.

Quiet night in House; much disappointment among Irish Members who know summonses are out against them. Found them wandering about the Corridor where valiant SHEEHY met JEREMIAH SULLIVAN; perambulating outer lobby; knocking up against any man who looks like member of Royal Irish Constabulary; draw a blank. Police wary after last night's scene. Positively decline to serve summonses, and SHEEHY left in sole possession of pre-eminence.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—HOWORTH wants to know how about the Aged P.—not *Wemmick's* father, who lived in a little wooden cottage at Walworth surrounded by a moat, the object of tenderest solicitude on the part of his son. It was Aged Prelates HOWORTH was anxious about. Seems there are two in England and Wales over seventy-seven, and three whose years have reached fourscore. HOWORTH thinks it's time they should retire. If not, will OLD MORALITY bring in a Bill rendering retirement compulsory? Before he could answer, JOHNSTON, of Ballykilbeg, on his feet, his aggressive beard waving like blood-red flag.

"All very well," he shouted, "to talk about the Aged P., but what about the Aged G.? If some Bishops are seventy-seven and others eighty, how old is GLADSTONE?"

JOHNSTON has 'em there; sits down triumphantly. OLD MORALITY declines to do little sum. "Ha! ha!" says JOHNSTON, truculently waving his blood-red beard.

As for Aged P.'s, OLD MORALITY makes interesting statement that, "the more aged they get, the more active are they in the discharge of their duties and the fuller their possession of their mental faculties." House laughs riotously. But this nothing to its uproarious delight over OLD MORALITY'S summary of the Plan of Campaign at Suakim. British troops ordered to Suakim; storm of anxious questions from all parts of House as to what they are to do there, what will follow on new expedition, and who is to pay the cost?

Letter-writer to the *Times*.
"Let me at him!"

"I wish," said OLD MORALITY, pulling out his stock of copy-book headings, "to be perfectly frank and candid with the House. A few battalions of troops are being moved from Cairo to Suakim, and they will be moved back again from Suakim to Cairo."

House roared with laughter. ABRAHAM (Glamorganshire, not Arabia), inflating his bosom, softly sings:—

"The gallant Duke of YORK! he had ten thousand men,
He marched them up to top of hill, and marched them down again."

OLD MORALITY began to feel uncomfortable. Surely hadn't made another joke like last week, when he dropped into declaration of Home Rule principles? Hurriedly turned over copy-book headings. No; there it was all right. Firmly repeated. "Troops are being moved from Cairo to Suakim, and would be moved back from Suakim to Cairo." House goes into shrieks of laughter. OLD MORALITY, gazing round with dumbly inquiring look, concludes he had better sit down, which he does.

"They're too much for me, sometimes, TOBY," he said wearily. "Suddenly break out laughing when I was never so serious in my life."

Pretty lively night all through till Half-past Eleven, when news comes from Holborn. Satisfaction impartially distributed. First it was said Liberal had got in; Opposition rose like one man and madly cheered; turned out that Conservative had kept the seat; Ministerialists up now, vociferously shouting. Each having had their turn, both went home.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill read Third Time.

Friday.—A good long grind at Committee of Supply. Got many votes—one on behalf of distressed Spaniards, who rendered assistance to Great Britain in time of Peninsular War. Only five of these remarkably lusty persons living. Money cheerfully voted, in spite of nasty remarks from Irish Members.

"Must be getting on in life now," said HOWORTH. "Aged Prelates nothing to these Aged Peninsulars, who fought against BONAPARTE eighty-four years ago."

"There is nothing further from my intention than to hide anything from the House," said OLD MORALITY, who had recovered his spirits; "but Age is always Venerable." That settled it. Vote agreed to.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

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